

# The Republican Compiler

By HENRY J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Arts and Sciences, The Markets, General Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, Advertising, Amusement, &c.

37<sup>th</sup> YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1854.

NO. 13.

## TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHL, at \$1.75 per annum if paid in advance—\$2.00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. Work done neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

Office on South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House.

## Choice Poetry.

### PALESTINE.

By J. G. WHITTIER.

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,  
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;  
In the shade of the palms, by the shores of thy sea,  
In the hills of thy beauty, my heart will be true.

With the eye of a spirit, I look on that shore,  
Where the prophets and seers have lingered before;  
With the eye of a spirit, I traverse the land,  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

This sea of the hills! In my spirit I hear  
The waters of Gennesareth, chime on my ear;  
Where the lowly and just with the people sat down,  
And they spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,  
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarenes;  
And I muse on the scenes of the past, and I see  
The gleam of thy waters, on dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valleys, where swollen and strong,  
Thy river, oh Kishon, is sweeping along;  
Where the Canaanites strove with Jehovah in vain,  
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

Then, down from thy mountains stern Zebulon came,  
And Naphtali's flag, with his eye-balls of flame,  
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,  
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang  
To the song which the beautiful Prophets sang;  
When the Prince of the hosts in his triumph rolled,  
And the shout of a host in his triumph rolled.

Lo! Bethlehem's hill-side before me is seen,  
With the mountains around, and the valleys between;  
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there  
The song of the angels is darest of all.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw  
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;  
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet  
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the wreaths in their waiting tread;  
I stand where the dew with its eye-balls of flame,  
Where His blessing was heard, and His lessons were taught,  
Where the blind were restored, and the healing was wrought.

Oh, here with the rock the sad Wanderer came,  
These hills he toiled over in grief and in pain;  
The fruits which he drank by the well-side still flow,  
And the same airs are blowing which breathe on his brow.

And thronged on her hills sits Jerusalem;  
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;  
For the crown of her pride to the meek her hand gone,  
And the holy Sepulchre is dark with her stain.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode,  
Of humanly duties in the brightness of God?  
Where my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,  
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as wind,  
In love and in meekness he moved among men;  
The fruits which he drank by the well-side still flow,  
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where he stood,  
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,  
Nor my eyes see the cross which he bowed in to bear,  
Nor my knees press the stone of the garden of prayer;

Yet, Lord, of thy father, thy spirit is near,  
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;  
And the voice of thy love is the same, even now,  
As that which thy love, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward had gone! but in glory and power,  
The spirit survives the things of the world;  
Unchanged, unceasing, its Pentecost flame  
On the heart's sacred altar is burning the same!

## Select Miscellany.

### JUST CHARGE IT.

A SKETCH FOR NEW BEGINNERS IN LIFE.

"Charles, what did this peach preserve cost?"  
"I'm sure I don't know, Hannah."  
"But you bought it this morning, didn't you?"  
"I know I did, but I didn't ask the price of it."  
"Did you not pay for it?"  
"No."  
"Why not?"  
"O, because I don't stop to make change. I have opened an account with Mr. Waldron, and shall hereafter settle once in three months."  
This conversation was going on at the table, between Charles Mathews and his wife. Mathews was a young mechanic, who had just commenced house-keeping, and as he was making excellent wages, he could afford to live pretty well. After he had made known his determination to his wife, she remained some time in silent thought.

"Charles," at length she said, in a very mild, persuasive tone, "I think it would be better to pay for things as you take them. You know you receive your pay every Saturday night, and you could pay for your things as you go. I know I could," returned Mr. Mathews, with the air of a man who had unanswerable arguments at his command, "but then it would not be so handy. You see if I pay my store bill once a quarter, I shall save all the trouble of making change; and shall not only save some time, but also avoid mistakes."  
"Mistakes!" repeated Hannah, "how can mistakes occur when you pay for things as you get them?"  
"I will tell you. Sometimes it may not be convenient to pay for a thing when I get it—I may forget my money or I may only take it on trial—then I pay for part and not for all, some things may get charged which I pay for. No, Hannah, a settlement once a quarter will be the best and most convenient all around. I am satisfied of it."  
"Well, perhaps it may," said the wife, with an earnest tone and look, yet with a smile, "but I cannot think so."  
"But why not?"  
"Why, on all accounts. In the first place, you will buy more than you would if you paid cash. Now you needn't shake your head, for I know it. There are so many little luxuries, little extras, which we do not need, but which you will yet be apt to buy if you do not have to pay cash down. I know something about this credit business, and it is not a fair thing. In the second place, if you pay cash for everything, you will get your goods cheaper. A trader will sell cheaper when he can have the money in his hand, than when he has to carry out the amount on his ledger."  
"But let me tell you, Hannah, that Mr. Waldron will not cheat. He is not the man to take advantage that way."  
"You misunderstand me, Charles. Do you not know that all traders can afford to sell cheaper for cash than for credit? Mr. Waldron, for a five dollar bill, will let you have

more sugar than he would for the same amount entered at different times on his ledger. He can afford to do so. Traders like to secure cash customers. I think you will find it to our advantage to try the cash system. Now, I do not believe you would have bought this peach preserve if you had to pay the cash for it."  
"But I bought that just to please you, Hannah, and I thought you would accept it gratefully," returned the young husband, in a tone which showed that his feelings were touched.  
"I know you did," said the wife, laying her hand affectionately upon his shoulder, "and I am grateful, for I know you would do anything to please me; but for the sake of helping you I would forego all those things. Perhaps,"—and the wife spoke very low—"you might be able to buy a little cottage of your own one of these days."  
For several days Charles sent only such things up from the store as were actually needed. At length, as he went into the store one morning on his way to work, he saw some splendid looking pickles in fancy jars. He had ordered the articles he needed, and was about to leave, when Mr. Waldron spoke: "Mr. Mathews, don't you want a jar of those pickles? I carried my wife in a jar last evening, and she thinks them superior to anything she ever saw before."  
Now, Charles knew that his wife had plenty of plain, pickled cucumbers, some that her mother had put down for her, but Mr. Waldron's wife had had some of those fancy ones, and why shouldn't Hannah?  
"Shall I send you up a jar?"  
"How much are they?"  
"Only a dollar."  
"Yes, you may send up one, and just charge it if you please."  
"O, certainly, anything you want you may order at any time, and you may be assured we shall be happy to accommodate you."  
Now, this was flattering to young Mathews' feelings, to think that the trader had so much confidence in him, and he went away with an exceeding good opinion of himself and his credit, and of the storekeeper in particular.  
"Only a dollar!" Yes, only a dollar on the trader's books, that is nothing.—But a dollar right out of one's pocket, that is different. Charles Mathews would not have bought those pickles if the cash had been required for them.  
"Ah, Mathews, look here; I've got something to show you." This was said by the trader to the young man on the very next morning after the purchase of the pickles.  
And so Mr. Waldron led our hero out to the back side of the store and opened a box.  
"There, Mathews, ain't these nice oranges?"  
"They are nice," replied Charles. And so they really were.  
"I know your wife would like some of these. I carried some in to my wife, and she wanted me to save her four or five dozen."  
"These are nice. How high do they come?"  
"Let's see; I can send you up three dozen for a dollar; I get those very cheap."  
"Certainly; anything else this morning?"  
"I believe not."  
And so Mathews went on. This morning it was a dollar—to-morrow perhaps fifty cents. It didn't seem very much. The young man kept just as much money in his pocket as though he hadn't bought them. "Only a dollar," he would say to himself, "that is not so much out of twelve dollars a week." And so it might be; but the trouble was "only a dollar." He forgot to add this dollar with the former dollar, and call it two dollars, and with the next call it three, and so on.

One evening Charles came home with a gold chain attached to his watch.  
"Where did you get that?" asked his wife.  
"I bought it of the husband, with an impression on the head, I made a bargain in my own mind, and I paid for it."  
"O, but try—"  
"Well, perhaps—"  
"Ten dollars, you see, with a sort of disapproval, and what are you thinking of? Those things bought this chain to it—why—"  
"I see how heavy it is. Eighteen carats fine, Jack, was hard up for money, and let me have it for twelve dollars."  
"It is cheap, to be sure," returned Hannah, but yet not with so much pleasurable surprise as her husband had anticipated. "But," she added, "you will feel the loss of the money."  
"Poh! I have money enough. You know I have spent but very little lately. I have been pretty saving."  
"But you forget one thing, Charles. The money which you have in your hands is not yours."  
"Not mine?"  
"No, it belongs to the store-keeper and to the butcher and to our own landlord. You know they must be paid."  
"Don't you fret about them. I know it doesn't cost me anywhere near twelve dollars a week to live, for I have made an estimate. There is Wilkins who works right side of me in the shop, he has four children, and only gets the same wages that I do, and yet he lays up some three or four dollars every week besides paying his rent."  
"Yes," said Hannah. "I know he does. I was in to see his wife the other day, and she was telling me how well they were getting along. Mr. Wilkins takes his basket every Saturday night and goes over to the market and buys his week's quantity of meat and vegetables, and trades for cash, so that he gets everything at the best advantage. So he does at the store. He lays in a good quantity of all those articles which will keep, and buys them as cheap as he can. Butter, eggs, cheese, apples, and such, he buys when the market is full, and when they are cheap, and he always buys enough to last his family over the season of scarcity, when such things are high. His butter, for instance, he bought for eighteen cents a pound—a large hunk of it—and it is much sweeter than that for which you pay twenty-eight cents."  
"Twenty-eight cents?" repeated the young man in surprise.  
"Yes, I asked Mr. Waldron's man who brought it up, and he said it had risen to twenty-eight cents. Mr. Wilkins got fifty dozen eggs some time ago for twelve cents a dozen, and his wife packed them down, and they kept well. You will have to pay Mr. Waldron thirty-three for those you sent up yesterday."  
Charles Mathews was somewhat astonished at this view of the case, but it could not be helped now; and the subject was dropped. His gold chain had lost its charm. It did not look so well, even in his own eyes, as had the

simple black-cord which he had worn before. At length the end of the quarter came around. The first bill paid was the rent, which amounted to thirty-one dollars. The next was the butcher's bill, which came to thirty-six dollars. Charles was astonished to see how the meat bill footed up. But when he saw how many steaks he had—at seventeen-cents-per-pound—the cause of wonder was at an end. Next he paid the baker's bill, which was thirteen dollars. When he had come home in the evening he had paid all his bills except his grocery bill.  
"Mr. Waldron sent in his bill to-day," said his wife after supper.  
"Ah, did he? Let me see it."  
Hannah brought it and Charles looked at it. He was astonished at its length, and when he came to look at the bottom of the column his face turned a shade paler. It footed up just sixty-five dollars—an average of five dollars per week.  
"This is impossible!" he uttered as he gazed upon it. But he examined the different articles, and he could remember when he ordered them. These things which cost only a dollar looked very important when viewed alone, but in the aggregate they had a different appearance.  
"How much shall you lay up this quarter, Charles?" kindly asked the wife, as she came and leaned over her husband's shoulder, and parted the hair on his forehead and smoothed it back.  
"How much shall I lay up?" he repeated.  
"Not much. Get the slate and let us reckon up." Charles was resolved to be frank about the matter and let his wife know all.  
The slate was brought. First Hannah put down one hundred and fifty-five dollars as the quarter's wages. Then came the rent, and the butcher, and the baker.  
"Now you may put down twelve dollars for this chain—and twelve dollars for sundries—that means cigars, tobacco, nuts, beer, soda, theatre tickets, and such things. Now take all that from my quarter's wages, and see how much remains."  
Hannah performed the sum and gave fifty-two dollars as the result.  
"Fifty-two dollars," uttered Charles, sinking back into his chair, "and we have not bought one article of clothing or furniture. Fifty-two dollars with which to pay sixty-five. There is thirteen dollars short this quarter, and I ought to save thirty at least."  
"Well, it's no use to morn over it," said the wife in a cheerful tone, for she saw that the husband felt badly. "Let's commence again, there's nothing like trying, you know."  
For some moments Charles remained silent. He gazed first upon the bill he had in his hand, then upon the figures on the slate and then upon the floor. At last he spoke: there was a peculiar light in his eyes and a flush upon his countenance.  
"Hannah, I see where the trouble is, and I must freely admit that I have been wrong; if I had paid for everything as I bought it, I should not have been where I am now in pecuniary matters. You are right, I see it all now. I have not estimated the value of money as I ought. Let me once get up again to where I began and I will do differently. I must step down to the store this evening and pay Mr. Waldron what I have, and the rest I will pay him when I am able."  
"That matter can be easily settled," said Hannah, with a bright, happy look. "I have more than enough to make up the amount of that bill. It is money I had when we were married. Wait a moment."  
Charles protested most earnestly against taking his wife's money, but she would listen to no argument on the subject. It was her will and he must submit. So he went down and paid the grocery bill and on his way home he sold his gold chain for fourteen dollars. He felt happier when he got the old black cord over more about his neck, and the money now to commence the quarter with.

On the next Monday morning the young man went into the meat-store to send home a piece of beef for dinner.  
"How much will you have?" asked the butcher.  
"O, three or four"—  
Charles got thus far, and then he stopped. He had always been in the habit of ordering an indefinite quantity, and leaving the butcher to cut it at the highest figure, and charge the highest prices; and then he remembered how much was usually wasted.  
"Let me have two pounds," he said. He stopped and saw it weighed and then paid for it. When he went home at noon he found that his two pounds of beef had made enough and there was none to waste. The next morning he went to the store. Mr. Waldron had some nice figs just come in, which he showed. For a moment Charles hesitated, but then he remembered that he had to pay for all he bought, he concluded not to take them. He found that things were not quite so enticing when it required cash to get them as when the payment could be postponed. He paid for what he bought, and went his way, and thus things went on through the week. When it came Saturday night, he knew that all the money in his pocket was his own, after deducting the rent. That evening he went over to the market with Wilkins, and bought as much meat and vegetables as he thought would last him through the week. He found that he made a saving of at least 20 per cent. by this operation, and when opportunity offered, he made the same saving in other matters.

At the end of that quarter Charles Mathews did not have to get any slate. He paid his house rent, and then he found he had thirty-five dollars left in his pocket. That was all his—he did not owe a penny of it.  
"Ah, Hannah," he said as he held the money in his hand and looked at it, "now I see how easy it is for a man to be wrong and his wife right. This money all comes as I go along. It is very easy and simple to say: 'Just charge it!' and a man may easily buy things under such circumstances, but when the day of reckoning comes these three simple words that sound so innocent when spoken, are found to be costly things. I would not have believed it had I not tried it. I could not have believed that a man would purchase so many more useless articles simply because he could have them charged. But I see it now, and if I refused to follow your advice at first, I have gained experience enough to lead me to follow it the more implicitly now."  
Charles Mathews never again allowed himself to be led away by the credit system, but he followed the cash rule punctually, and the consequence has been that he cannot now buy any quantity of produce, wood, coal, &c., at cheap cash prices, but he has cut off the expense of house-keeping, for he owns a snug little cottage in the suburbs, and it is all paid for.

**The Way to Get a Mormon Wife.**  
It is rather hard work to get a Mormon wife, notwithstanding some of the saints have so many. The prevalence of polygamy has stimulated male emigration to the Great Salt Lake City, but as some embarrassments are thrown in the way of outsiders in gaining access to the fair daughters of the city, the following question is asked in the News:  
"Mr. Editor. Can a gentleman of good reputation and character, not of your religious creed, be permitted to associate with your females and enjoy the chat-chat and sociability with them that are usual in the circles of what may be termed good and genteel society in the world at large?"  
By the answer to the question it appears that the service of a brother to entitle him to the privilege of wives without number, is more severe than that imposed on Jacob of old. It is right to infer that bogus saints have come in, and simultaneously embraced Mormonism and a plurality of wives; hence the necessity of a severe course of discipline to entitle the faithful to the joys of polygamy. Here it is laid down in the answer to the above, as follows:  
"If a gentleman wishes to associate with your females, let him repent and be baptized for the remission of his sins. But this alone will not insure him success, for many have submitted themselves to the ordinance of baptism, and have added damnation to themselves by hypocritically bowing to certain rites and ceremonies with motives other than to glorify God and save themselves from this outward generation. Let those gentlemen go forth and preach the gospel to the nations like the Mormon elders, without purse or scrip. Let them be mobbed, tarred and feathered, and whipped a few times for Christ's sake, not for their own follies; and return, after a few years' labors, clear in conscience, pure in heart and unspotted from the world. If they can do these things and endure, they may begin to associate with our females, and seek among them a companion and partner for the life that now is, and that which is to come."  
Brigham Young said, in a public address before the Mormons: "I know as well as I know that I am standing before you to-day, that I have had money put into my trunk, and into my pocket, without the instrumentality of man. This I know to a certainty."  
Some of our people who are paying twelve per centum would like to have their trunks filled in the same manner.  
It has been asserted that some of the Mormon women believed in the lonely adage, "sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander"; and hence, a plurality of husbands should be allowed, but the male saints object.—*Boston Post.*

**Weights and Measures.**  
In an article on weights and measures, the *Newburyport Herald* remarks that no two nations have the same—though the same name to designate them may be used in many countries. Take the mile measure for instance:—In England and the United States, a mile means 1760 yards; in the Netherlands it is 1093 yards; while in Germany it is 10,120 yards, and the Irish 3038 yards. The Spanish mile is 2427 yards, and the Swedish mile 11,700 yards. These are computed in English yards, but the yard itself of three feet in length, has diverse significations in different places. The English yard is 36 inches; the French 39.13 inches; the Geneva yard 37.60; the Austrian 37.35; the Russian 39.51. For measures of capacity, the dissimilarity is yet wider and more perplexing. The British have two sorts of bushels, the Imperial and the Winchester of different capacity. The Winchester bushel is the United States standard; but the different States have varying standards of their own. These are incommensurable with the measures of any other nation. Some universal standard ought to be agreed upon, at this advanced stage of the world. For deciding quantities, weight is the only true and reliable test; and a fixed standard of weight for everything would prevent a vast amount of cheating and greatly promote honesty and morality.—Throughout our own country we most assuredly should have some fixed and reliable standard. There is no need of our waiting for a world-wide movement in this matter, and Congress at its next session could confer a grand blessing upon the country than by fixing a standard weight for every article of commerce that can be bought and sold by weight. Our currency scale is so unexceptionable, why not take the hint from this and introduce the decimal scale in weight and measure?

The most valuable crop in the United States is that of Indian Corn, estimated in 1850 at two hundred and ninety-six millions of dollars, and being nearly three times as valuable as wheat and more than three times as valuable as cotton. Six times as many acres of land are devoted to Indian Corn as are given to cotton, and three times as much as wheat. The value of butter made annually in the United States exceeds fifty millions of dollars.

As to the free love doctoring," said Mrs. Partridge, with a face as benevolent as a thanksgiving dinner, "I don't wonder about 'em, but it's cons to use they needn't cause much fear where any love exists at all. Where hearts beat responsible to each other, and what they are muddled together by early love and plenty of children, depend on it no free love doctoring can do 'em any harm." The old lady stopped here, like a Chelsea ferry boat at the drop, and stirred her tea slowly, looking vacantly at the picture of the corporal, that model of military, political, and conjugal constancy, while she tested the cat's stercoratory powers by filling her use with pulverized bread crumbs.

**FREAKS OF NATURE.**—In Fountain county, Indiana, there is a family; four members of which are deaf and dumb. In Greene county, same State, another with five. In Howard county, twins, deaf and dumb. In Marshall county, there is a family with three boys, now 13 years old, born at one birth, one of whom is blind.

**TENDER SOLICITUDE.**—(Being an extract from a fashionable young lady's farewell agonizing letter.)—"Oh! Charles, dear, they tell me you are ordered off to the Theatre of War. I beg of you, therefore, dear, as you love me, to bear in mind one thing, and that is, above all, not to forget to take your opera glass with you, for I know myself how extremely important it is to go to the Theatre without one."

The Eastern War costs the Allies sixty pounds sterling a minute.

**Funny Decision upon the Value of Milk by a Wisconsin Judge.**—The *Milwaukee Sentinel* gives an amusing scene which came off not long since in one of the County Courts of Wisconsin. It seems that a suit had been brought in an inferior court by one man against another for having surreptitiously milked his cow, taking from her about four quarts of the lactated fluid, for which he claimed damages in fifty dollars. The plaintiff proved his case, and the defendant, in mitigation of the damages, also proved that milk was worth but four cents per quart. Notwithstanding this, however, the jury returned a verdict of ten dollars damages, with costs, and judgment was rendered. Dissatisfied with the decision, the defendant appealed to the County Court, Judge W.—a man of great humor, strong common sense, a little excitable, and one who, when aroused, expressed his opinion or gave his decision as he only could do it, caring but little for form or precedent. The case was called, and after it had been argued by lawyers for about two hours, Judge W. grew uneasy and fitfully, and finally interrupted the counsel by the information that he was ready to give his decision. After stating the points of the case, he refused to reverse the judgment of the court below, and added: "The plaintiff says this is his only cow, and that he is a poor man. If he is a poor man, of course he has a great many children, and he wants all the milk he can get for his family. I look upon it as a great outrage, and no better than stealing to have taken this milk. The plea of the defendant that the judgment should be reversed because the damages are excessive, is a humbug. The price of common milk such as we buy for our tea and coffee, of these milk peddlars, probably isn't worth over four cents. It's as blue as a whetstone. But such milk as the defendant probably got in this case, right fresh from the cow, and no water near, was worth a good deal more, particularly if she was a Durham." Court—"How was that, plaintiff, was she a Durham?" Plaintiff—"She was, your honor." Court—"Just as I expected.—Now, I want it understood that you can't fool me on milk, and if this defendant, or any other man, expects to get good fresh milk—Durham cow's milk—out of this court at four cents a quart, he's sucked, that's all. The judgment below is affirmed, with costs."

A new anecdote of John Randolph of Roanoke is always welcome; this is given by the *Norfolk News*:  
"He was travelling through a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted, and in the meantime, he stopped during the night at an inn near the forks of the road. The inn keeper was a fine gentleman, and no doubt, one of the first families of the Old Dominion. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid.—The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, began as follows:  
"Which way are you traveling, Mr. Randolph?"  
"Sir," said Mr. R., with a look of displeasure, "I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you traveling?"  
"Have I paid you my bill?"  
"Yes."  
"Do I owe you anything more?"  
"No."  
"Well, I'm just going where I please—do you understand?"  
"Yes."  
The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But, to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes he sent one of his servants to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Mr. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his breath:  
"Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent; just take which you please."  
It is said that the air turned blue with the curses of Randolph.

**VIOLETTA AND ALLANDORP.**—A *One Horse Novel.*—Violetta started convulsively, and turned her tear-drenched eyes wildly upon the speaker; for to her there seemed something strangely familiar in those low rich tones. Their eyes met; his beaming with love and tenderness; hers gleaming with wild uncertainty.  
"Violetta!"  
"Allandorp!"  
And the beautiful girl sank from excess of joy, upon his noble heart, throbbing with pure, holy, delicious love of other days. Allandorp bent tenderly over her, and bathed her pure, white temples with the gushing tears of deep, though subdued joy. While doing this, Violetta's father, Rip Van Snort, was seen approaching the lovers with a hail. Allandorp saw the aged patriarch, and with one mighty leap cleared the banisters and rushed down stairs. But Van Snort was not to be thus outdone. He ran after the flying Allandorp, and just as he was turning the corner of the red barn, gave him a lift with the flail that sent him to the "other side of Jordan." Violetta, driven to distraction, threw herself upon the grass, and for a long, long hour was deaf to every consolation.—(To be continued.)

The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our private schools:  
"Ah, Pat," exclaimed the school-mistress to a very thick-headed urchin, into whose muddy brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet. "I'm afraid you'll not learn anything. Now what that letter, eh?"  
"Sure, I don't know, ma'am" replied Pat.  
"I thought you'd recollect that."  
"Why, ma'am?"  
"Because it has got a dot over the top of it."  
"Och, ma'am, but sure I thought it was a fly-speck!"  
"Well, now remember—it is L!"  
"You, ma'am?"  
"No, no—not U, but L!"  
"Not U, but L, blockhead!"  
"O, yes, now I'll have it, ma'am. You mean to say that not I, but you are a block-head!"  
"Fool!" exclaimed the pedagoguess, almost bursting with rage.

When once you allow a girl's head to get full of finery and beaux, and her heels full of waltzes, polkas, and cotillions, you may as well let her throw her books in the fire, and marry her to the first simpleton who will take her off her hands, for her days of study and improvement are at an end.

**War of 1812—National Convention.**  
A numerous meeting of the surviving defenders of their country in the War of 1812, was held at the Court House, Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, the 20th November, 1854. Among those present were a number from Lancaster, Montgomery, and other counties.  
Gen. Adam Diller was appointed President; J. H. Fisler, Peter Hay, Thomas Blackstone, J. S. Vandye, Vice Presidents; Francis Huckel and George Nagel, Secretaries.  
The meeting was opened by Gen. Diller in some remarks, when Judge Sutherland addressed the meeting in an eloquent manner. The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:  
Resolved, That we highly approve of the proposed meeting of the Defenders of the Country, in the War 1812, at the City of Washington, on the 8th of January next, and that we agree to appoint Delegates to meet there in furtherance of the object of the call.  
Resolved, That we invite our friends in the several counties of this and the other States of the Union who have served in the War of 1812, to elect delegates to join us at our National Convention at Washington.  
Resolved, That such of the men of the War of 1812 as still linger on the shores of time, and the widows of such as are dead, are entitled, not only to the gratitude of their country, but should be properly provided for in lands and possessions by the Congress of the Republic.  
Resolved, That where meetings cannot conveniently be held in the neighboring counties, that those who desire to go to Washington be requested to join their Philadelphia friends, and visit the National Convention together.  
Resolved, That when we review the past history of our country, and the great events of the war in which the patriots of 1812 participated, we cannot refrain from applauding the conduct of the brave men in Congress who fearlessly voted for the war, against Great Britain, and the decision of President Madison, who recommended its declaration, and who forgot the heroic suffering of the gallant leaders of our eagles to victory, when they sleep with the mighty dead, or are still ready to serve their country on the field of battle if called once more to its defence.  
Resolved, That we recommend that the 8th of January next be made a general jubilee of the men of the second War of Independence, and that we trust all who can will repair to the seat of our National Government that day, there, once more, to embrace their former brothers in arms.

**The Future will be Bright.**  
The past history of our country shows that although for a while Democratic principles may be defeated, yet in the end all will yield to its progress. In 1840, the Democratic party was defeated from Maine to Georgia. Its platform, then, was definite; its men, the ablest, noblest and firmest statesmen of the land. But as soon as the dominant party showed the country upon what measures they had succeeded, the tables were turned. The result was a succession of victories by the Democracy to which history therefore had furnished few parallels. And so it was in 1851. The future soon can unravel the mysteries which lie hidden in its bosom. We bide the time, believing that the wisdom, integrity and good sense of the American people will evince themselves in an expression of public sentiment so strong and overwhelming that it will teach political tricksters and wire-pullers that though for a time they may succeed in their nefarious schemes against the Constitution, when the breath of our indignation and intolerance shall have died out, their ultimate fate will be such as they never imagined. The fastidious have secured the lowest and fishy, and our only fear is, that unlike the miracles of old, there will be none remaining over after their voracious appetites shall have been satisfied.  
In conclusion, we have one more word to say to the Democracy. Be firm to your principles. Let no irrelevant phrases draw you off from cardinal Democratic principles. Remember that you fight under a banner which once floated over a Jefferson, a Madison and a Jackson, and which has so often led to a victory and triumph. Have no regard for those who, under any specious pretences, attempt to lure you from your duty, remembering a bright future may be yours; or to quote the words of a distinguished politician of this State, used on a somewhat different occasion: "A lost Thermopylae was the signal for a succession of victories that shed the brightest lustre upon the pages of Grecian history."—*Valley Spirit.*

**FOREIGNERS.**—The Bible affords us about as good lessons in morality as the mushroom Solomons of our day. In Leviticus, 19th chapter, 33d and 34th verses, we find the following directions on the proper treatment of foreigners:—"If a stranger sojourn with thee in thy land, thou shalt not vex him; but as thou shalt dwell with thy brother, so shalt thou love him as thyself, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt. I am the Lord thy God." The Know-Nothings think they can patch up something better than this.

**TRICKED.**—The newsboys in Washington made some few dimes on Monday week, in the following manner. It has been the custom heretofore for printed copies of the President's message to be delivered to the members of Congress as soon as the clerk commences reading the document, but this year the custom was deviated from. The newsboys got wind of it, procured some old "extras" containing President Pierce's last year's message, and posted off to the Capitol, and there disposed of them to the "members." Many of these copies were despatched to distant friends.

Pickles suggests that those editors who are complaining of the high rates of paper should make their purchases at the western rag mills. He says he has been offered any amount of western paper lately at half price. Thoughtful fellow, that Pickles.

**A LOST ART.**—The Chinese of the present day are said to have lost a curious secret. They knew formerly how to paint their porcelain with fishes and other creatures, in such a manner that these figures never appeared to the eye until the vases were filled with liquor.

A Cleveland lady recently purchased in Boston a set of furs at \$1,000. One of the skins cost \$120.